The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1889. VOLUME XXIV.---NO. 47.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MR. EDITOR: There fell into my hands not long since a book of such rare value and so great help to me, you will permit me to call the attention of our teachers to it through the Teachers' Column. It is "Lessons in English", by Sarah E. Lockwood, and is published by Gwin & Company, Boston, Mass.

No doubt many of your teachers, like myself, Mr. Editor, have found no little difficulty in teaching English Grammar satisfactorily. This little book has been of incalculable benefit to me, and, I am sure, would be to any one who will procure a copy and use it. I have used it simply as a book of reference. I am quite sure, however, so favorably has it impressed me, that it would stand the test of the school room.

No workman can do the best work without the best tools. So no teacher can teach the English language correctly unless he has access to many books other than the one used by his classes. Good tools should be close at hand. A few dollars judiciously expended for books would wonderfully increase the possibilities of any one who is really desirous of growing stronger and accomplishing more. As a book of reference, or as a text-book for advanced classes, I know of no one that offers greater assistance to teachers of English than "Lockwood's Lessons in English."

With Crabb's "Dictionary of Synonyms," Smith's "Synonyms Discriminated," Roget's "Thesawrus of English Words" and "Lockword's Lessons in English" on his table, any teacher of English may feel confident that he is not poorly equipped for the work in hand.

I took up my pen to write a review of this book in which I have no other interest than a desire to see a book of such intrinsic value in the hands of my fellow-teachers, but must desist, as in an article of this kind I could not do it justice. Get it and examine it.

TEACHER.

Pic Nic at Fort Hill.

MR. EDITOR: The Walker-McElmoyle School, with Miss Olivia Newton as teacher, and Bishop's Branch School, under Miss Dunwoody's training, united their joint schools in celebrating the closing of the first term of said schools by a joint pic nic at the historic spot of Fort Hill on the 11th of May. At an early hour on the day aforesaid, buggies, carriages and wagons were brought into service in the respective neighborhoods of said schools, forming an imposing train of pleasure-seekers, consisting mostly of children, together with the patrons and friends of said schools. After leaving the starting station at the Walker-McElmoyle College farm, the train proceeded, under the control of Miss Olivia Newton, with Mr. Berry Martin as assistant conductor. The first station reached was Sharon station, where several accessions were made to the long train. Station No. 2, called the Kight station, was reached on time, but as we had one of the passengers from that station already on board, and others had gone on a preceding train, we made no stop. Soon we passed Dunwoody station, where we judged, from the smoke issuing around a boiling pot, we had found either a soap factory or a laundry establishment. The next station passed was the sugar factory, or as some would call it, a molasses mill. As we were not flagged down we passed on without stopping. The next point reached of any note was Martin's factory, where they prepare the corn for bread, and bake it, too, if you pay them for it. Central station, on the Air Line, was the next point reached, but as we arrived there we found we were a little behind, and therefore could not accept of the hospitalities of the town. Here the assistant conductor gave place to the real conductor, Miss Olivia, with Mr. Jasper Kelly as an able assistant, (weighs about 200 lbs.,) which balanced the car very well with the light avordupois of the lady conductor, and no further stops were made until we reached Fort Hill, the former home of the late Hon. J. C. Calhoun, deceased. We found an eager, expectant crowd already in waiting, which made the crowd reach about 200.

Maj. Russell, by request of the lady teachers, chaparoned the exercises, which was opened by prayer by self, followed by an appropriate exordium on the occasion. Mr. Russell said the children and others had come for the double purpose of enjoying themselves on this romantic spot, and pleading the cause of the orphaned and destitute boys of the State of South Carolina to the bequest of the Hon. Mr. Clemson, for the noble purpose of educating them. And he believed if Mr. Clemson could speak from his grave he, too, would proclaim aloud, given to the boys of the State, a people whom I loved so well, that thereon may be erected an Agricultural College, which would perpetuate my memory in a more enduring form than pyramids of marble.

The Hon. J. P. Glenn followed in a scathing rebuke to the action of the Governor in pocketing the bill for an acceptance of the trust without his approval, after he had pledged himself to carry out the will of the people of the State when legally ascertained. If the veto, said he, is to be prostituted by the Governor to thwart the will of the people, legally ascertained through Legislative channels, then the time had arrived in our political history, as a State, when we should gravely consider the propriety of changing the Constitution in that regard. His speech made a decided impression. In closing his speech Mr. Glenn paid a touching tribute to the memory of Mrs. Eleanor J. Walker, deceased, who donated one hundred and twenty acres of land in the neighborhood of Central and Fort Hill, for a similar purpose with the noble bequest of Mr. Clemson.

Mr. J. C. Watkins was called on for a speech by the whole crowd, but he declined, on the ground that he had to mind the baby. This closed the speaking exercises of the day, when the dinner committee took charge and soon spread a most bountiful repast on the magnificent green carpet of grass that surrounds Fort Hill, and near the best well of water that ever burst from the fountain of the deep. For three hours after dinner the whole party regaled themselves by a trip to the beautiful Seneca River, across the valuable bottom lands of the Fort Hill farm. The party passed in plain view of the grounds of the old Fort, with scarcely anything left to remind one that there was once a stockade and a hard fought battle between the whites and Indians, except balls and bullets.

It is only necessary to return thanks to the kind host, Mr. Hal. Boggs and wife, and to Mrs. Prince for hospitalities shown, and especially for the kindness of Mrs Prince in admitting the crowd to the rooms of the Fort Hill mansion, and exhibiting and explaining many household relics and pictures of long ago times, including the inauguration chair of George Washington, the first President.

T. H. R.

The Earle Family.

TOWNVILLE, ANDERSON COUNTY, May 15.—A few miles west of this place, in a quiet corner of Oconee County, near the Anderson line, is an old family burying-ground of rare historic interest. In it are interred the bodies of Samuel Earle and his wife, their children and some of their grandchildren. The plat, some forty feet square, is enclosed with a substantial iron fence of attractive pattern and contains ten or twelve graves, three of which are marked by costly marble shafts. These are the graves of Samuel Earle and wife and their son, Baylis John Earle.

Samuel Earle bore a conspicuous part in the war for American Independence and was a participant in the deliberations which resulted in the adoption of the Federal Constitution of the State of South Carolina. In 1776, at the age of 16, he entered the Revolutionary army as ensign and remained in the Service till the war closed, having meanwhile risen to the rank of captain. He held various offices under the State Government and was chosen to represent his district in Congress as the successor of Gen. Pickens while that body yet held its session at Philadelphia.

At the close of his term he retired to his plantation, where he spent the remainder of his life, in agricultural pursuits, steadfastly declining to yield to the solicitations of his friends to again enter public life. He amassed a large fortune for that day, and died suddenly in 1833, aged 73 years. His wife, whom he wedded when she was scarcely 16 years of age, and who died at 40, was a daughter of James Harrison, himself a relative of the Harrison family, which has given to the United States two of its Presidents. Her mother was Elizabeth Hampton, doubtless related to the Hamptons of South Carolina.

Baylis John Earle was endowed with an intellect of the very highest order. In 1811, when but 16 years of age, he was graduated from the South Carolina College at the head of a very large class, distinguished alike for its talent and attainments. He entered the legal profession, and soon rose to prominence, being elected eventually to the Judgeship of one of the judicial circuits of South Carolina. He died in 1844, in his 50th year. He never married.

The other children of Samuel Earle who are interred here, as indicated by the graves stones, are: James Harrison, born 1799, died 1829; Morgan Priestly, born 1804, died 1845; Harriet, born 1811, died 1850; Edward Hampton, born 1820, died 1849. Harriet Earle married her kinsman, Elias Earle, who died in 1870, aged 70 years. Another grave is that of Wilton Robinson Earle, who, at the age of 23, was fatally wounded at the first battle of Manassas. He was a son of Elias and Harriet Earle.

The Hon. Elias Preston Earle, who resides at Andersonville at the junction of Seneca and Tugalo rivers, in Anderson County, and who represented his county in the General Assembly two years ago, is also a son of Elias and Harriet Earle.

Samuel Earle wrote an autobiography which were it brought to light would doubtless prove a valuable contribution to the history of the times of which he was a prominent and honorable figure.

A Blind Bridal Couple.

Every pleasant evening, in that hour just before twilight which we all love to idle away with inconsequently thoughts and observations, there passes my window a couple that greatly interest me. The lady is but a young girl, it seems, and she has such a pretty face, so white and peaceful, with something of sadness in it, something of joy.

She has great eyes that stare strangely at you, and, at the sound of her companion's voice, their lids are dropped, and the long, graceful eye lashes fall upon her cheeks. The man reminds me of one of the old Saxons. He is big and strong, and has the curly golden hair and the big blonde beard of that race of men. His companion hangs on his arm, and yet he seems to depend upon her as much as she on him, for they cling very closely indeed together, while he carefully picks their way out with a light cane.

Both are blind. I inquired about them the other day. Neither ever saw the light of day. Neither can ever know how glorious the sunlight is, how prettily blend the beautiful hues of the flowers, how grand all nature looks. Neither ever saw the other! and yet they are a bridal pair.

They only live in a world of darkness and in each other. They met long ago, became devotedly attached to each other and were married. And so now every evening, when the weather is fine, they go out for a little strole, and as they slowly, carefully walk past my window I think: "It is a sad and pretty sight—a blind bridal pair!"—*Toledo Blade.*

Not A Regular.

In a country village not ten miles from Glasgow, a sweep and a candy-man had taken refuge for a night in a barn-loft above the meeting-place of the Salvation Army. One night they all met for the purpose of worship, and the captain began to preach, which awakened the sleepers in the loft by his saying, "O, Lord, blow thy horn, that we may hear."

The sweep listened, and said to the candy-man, "If he says that again, blow your horn."

It was repeated, and the candy-man blew his horn.

The captain of the army then said, "O, Lord, show thy face, that we may see you as you are."

The sweep, hearing this, shoved his head out of the thatchhole, the look of which soon emptied the place, as they thought it was the devil. Among them was an old, decrepit woman, who could not get out soon enough, and cried out: "Don't meddle me, don't meddle me, for I am not a reg'lar attender."

BILL ARP.

The Georgia Philosopher Insures His Life.

Atlanta Constitution.

I have just twelve years to live—how many have you—Ten years from now I will have seven years to live. Twenty years from now I will have four years to live and thirty years from now I will still have two years to live—that is curious. How the expectation of life keeps lapping on. It looks like a man would never die if he could keep on living—he would always have a little margin ahead. But I may die to-morrow, or next week, and that is why I took an insurance policy on my life yesterday—I did not feel certain of those twelve years. A friend of mine is in the business, and he discoursed so seriously about the matter and seemed so sympathetic and manifested such a kind interest in my family that I conquered my prejudices and took a policy—I never had any prejudices against life insurance but I had such bad luck that I quit. Long time ago I begun in the Knickerbocker and after I had paid out about four hundred dollars it failed. Then I took out a policy in a St. Louis company and that failed. Then I tried the "Cotton States" and that failed. So I quit the business and lived on alone, and now I am so old that it takes nearly all my income to pay the premium. In fact, I didn't think they would take me, but my friend said in inasmuch as it was me they would. When he drew his documents out I had to answer all sorts of questions about my kinfolks and ancestors and how long they all lived and what they died of. They went away back to my grandfathers who lived more than a hundred years ago, and I didn't know much about them but told him I did have some who lived a mighty long time. He brightened up and I told him their names were Adam and Mathusalah and that one of them named Enoch didn't lie at all. Then my friend took me to a doctor who thumped me on the back and put his ear to my bosom to hear my heart beat, and felt of my pulse and measured my height, and around my breast and my corporosity, and asked me whether I had ever had the rheumatism, or consumption, or colic, or dropsy, or the blind staggers, or fits, or gout, or big jaw, or delirium tremens, or insanity, or the earache, or yaller janders, or Bright's disease, or any other disease, or tumors, or wens, or hair-lips, or cross-eyes, and I don't know what all, and when I answered no to them all he pronounced me a good subject, and so I am now insured. When I handed Mrs. Arp the policy and told her it was for her, and her only, she never stopped sewing the buttons on Jessie's dress, but asked me, in a quiet way, if I was sure the company was a good one. She might as well have asked if I was sure to die in time for the money to do her some good, but she didn't. She has got that policy put away somewhere, and I'll bet she lets me know when that premium falls due. Well, that is all right. When a man weds a woman she is entitled to boot, and if he hasent got it he ought to keep his life insured for her benefit. I've noticed a good many widows, and I believe that a five thousand dollar policy on her husband's life is one of the most consoling things in the world. It oughtent to be more than that, for it might tempt some designing man to inveigle himself into her affections, and I woulden't like that. I had a sickly client once who employed me to write his will. His wife was right smart younger than he was and a good deal healthier and he said he dident think he was going to live very long and he dident mind dying so much, but he couldent bear to think of another fellow stepping around over his land. So he wanted me to fix things so that if she did marry they would have to get another farm and step around over it.

Insurance is a good thing. It makes one feel calm and serene. I have been insuring against fire for forty years and never yet had a fire. The money that I have paid out would make a good big pile, but it has brought me more comfort than any money I ever invested. And so I am to get no possible benefit from my life insurance it is a comfort to know that my wife will, if she survives me, and I reckon she will. She has got six years advantage in age—that is in youth—for a woman never gets old. And then again the tables show that the women of forty-five and over outlive the men. I said that I had just twelve years to live, but if I was a woman I would have thirteen. That is the difference.

My wife has seventeen years to live, and that beats me five years. These life tables that show the expectation, the average, the probability of life, are very curious and interesting. In a million births the males outnumber the females twenty-two thousand, but the girls don't die so fast, and by the time they reach fifty years the females begin to outnumber the men and outlive them. Nine thousand more women live to see seventy years than men—taking a million as the basis. Two thousand more women than men live to see ninety. At one hundred years there are seventy-nine men to one hundred and forty-four women. The males start out most numerous, and this is right, for it gives every girl a fair chance for a lover and a husband—and it certainly was intended by a kind Providence that she should have one. She is entitled to one, and if I had my way I would make every old bachelor support one. If he wouldn't marry according to nature, I would make him work for one. In youth and middle age the male outnumber the females, because it takes a good number to defend the country and do the fighting. But the old women outlive the old men because they are needed to nurse us and raise the grandchildren. They have no bad habits that shorten life. They do not drink nor chew tobacco nor smoke nor expose themselves nor eat in a hurry. They take life calm and serene. One hundred and twenty-five thousand children are born every day. What a squalling and rejoicing if one could hear it all at once. Just think of it—forty-five millions of brand new human beings a year. One-fourth of them die before they are six years old. While one hundred and twenty-five thousand are born in a day there are one hundred thousand funerals going on at the same time. What weeping and wailing, what grief and sorrow if we could hear and see all. Verily the increase of the human family is mixed with great tribulations. Births and deaths, with the births only a little ahead, and sometimes, when war and pestilence and famine comes, the death rate is ahead.

What is to be the end of all this? When will the world get full? Not long ago I saw it stated that if all the people who had died were added to all those who now live it would take all the habitable land of the world to give each one a grave lot ten feet square. Twelve years to live. How carefully these insurance companies have studied the regularity of irregular things. It is one of the exact sciences. They know precisely how many men will live to be seventy-five and how many women, and they fix the premiums to fit the longevity, and leave a good margin for profit. They will charge the man the trifling sum of fifty cents to insure his life from here to New York, and if he is killed on the journey they will pay his family $5,000, and make money by it. They know exactly how many in a hundred thousand will be killed. It is like the rainfall in a year. It is like throwing the dice—no man can tell whether the ace or the duce or a six spot will turn up, but in a thousand throws each of the six sides have shown uppermost the same number of times. Insurance companies know the life of a dwelling or a gin house, or a planing mill, with as much certainty as the astronomer knows the coming of the moon's eclipse. But I know full well that there is no certainty of twelve years for me, and so I must be ready, ready at all times for the summons. Let us all be ready.

BILL ARP.

In for the Prize.

We visited Col. R. R. Hudgin's prize acre of corn last week, and as we know our readers will enjoy a description of it, we will tell them about it.

The acre is in Foreston, about three hundred yards from the depot. The soil is high, sandy and porous, and is well drained. The acre has been marked by a heavy scantling pinned to the ground. A tram road runs through the field. Col. Hudgins has fitted up a tank and force pump, and if the seasons do not suit him he can easily fill up his tank, and running it into his field, furnish a shower of rain.

The land was prepared as follows: The acre was covered with stable manure. Upon this was broadcast three barrels of slaked lime and 400 pounds acid. The land was then broken up, commencing on the outside with a turn plough, and following in the same furrow with two four-inch shovel ploughs, turning the soil to a depth of twelve or fifteen inches, driving around the outer sides of the acre, and finishing up in the middle. The stable manure, lime, acid were thus, by means of these three ploughs, pretty well turned under.

On March 28, 84 bushels cotton seed, 500 pounds cotton seed meal and 400 pounds kainit were put on the ground and harrowed in with a disk harrow. The ground was then levelled off with hand rakes. The corn was planted April 1st, 2d and 3d. Col. Hudgins did this with great care. The corn is planted in double rows, three feet from centre to centre, and six inches apart, averaging three feet one way and three inches the other. On May 2, it was ploughed with a garden plough, 1,000 pounds cotton seed meal added, and then hoed over nicely.

The stand in a part of the field is all that could be desired, but in another part it is imperfect and had to be replanted. The corn is now about 18 inches high, and has a beautiful color.

The corn is of the Geddings variety, and Col. Hudgins says the following is claimed for it: Each stalk will produce from three to five large ears of corn. From each stalk there will shoot two or three suckers, each of which will produce an ear. And we think we understood Col. Hudgins to say that in addition to all this he would get a quart of shelled corn from each tassel. He may have meant to say that the entire yield of a stalk of the corn would be a quart, but we asked him a second time and understood him to say that he would get the quart from the tassel of each stalk.

Col. Hudgins expects, with propitious seasons, to get five hundred bushels from this acre.—*Manning Times.*

Anthropoidal Americans.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 12.—On White Island, a suburb of Towawonda, men engaged in excavating a cellar yesterday dug up eleven very peculiar skeletons. The spot was originally the site of an ancient Indian mound, which was robbed of its remains by scientists over forty years ago, and it was not supposed that it contained other bones. The skeletons found were lying in a case of cobble stones, in which the bones had originally been buried. They were evidently of much greater antiquity than the mound above, for a comparison of one of the skulls with a cast of the famous Neanderthal skull shows them to be of an even lower order of intellect. The arch of the eyes is on a level with the top of the head, and there is no forehead whatever.

Mr. Duschak, of the Buffalo Academy of Natural Sciences, to which the remains have been presented, says that it is the most peculiar skull ever found, and will completely upset the established scientific theories in regard to the intelligence of the primeval American.

The being to whom the skull belonged could not have differed greatly from an ape, either in appearance or intellect. The accompanying thigh bones were abnormally long and very slender, and there are thirteen ribs on a side. The shoulder blades are entirely lacking. Many of the society think that the long expected "missing link" has at last been found. The society will send a committee to the spot to morrow to search for other remains.

Only one implement was found. It was of stone, six inches in length, two and a half in width and about one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Through the centre were two small holes. It was worn smooth by use, and, it is thought, was used for skinning animals.

— Surveyors in Oklahoma towns receive $95 a day for their work.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

A Terrible Account of a Historical Event.

Last week the Philadelphia *Press* offered a prize for the best story of personal bravery. The following is one of the contributions: I have considered the famous duel in 1806, between General Jackson, afterward president of the United States, and Charles Dickinson, of Nashville, Tenn., as an unparalleled exhibition of courage and fortitude on the part of the former.

Dickinson was a dashing young blood of Nashville, and considered the best pistol shot in the State. He had fought several duels and always killed his opponent. The cause of the duel is immaterial here, but Jackson being the challenging party pistols were of course named by Dickinson, and the distance eight paces.

The dueling ground lay a good day's journey from Nashville, and early upon the appointed day Dickinson set forth accompanied by a chosen party of sporting friends, and was followed a few hours later by Jackson and his second.

All during that long day's travel the general was constantly regaled (?) at the different inns and taverns upon the road with such evidences of Dickinson's confidence in the result of the duel as strings hanging from tree boughs with papers attached stating that they had been cut by Dickinson's bullet at eight paces. Just before reaching the ground he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a silver dollar at the same distance, and tossed it to the landlord, as he rode away, with the request that it be given to General Jackson when he arrived. The latter's revenge for these cruel taunts and contemptuous nonchalance was even more fiercely sweet than poets dare to fancy, as the sequel will show.

The conditions of the duel were that the combatants should face each other at eight paces, thereby making the largest possible target of their bodies; the pistols to be held downward until the word was given to fire, when each man was to shoot at will. The chances of success thus lay entirely with the party who combined in the greatest degree quickness and accuracy. Dickinson was not only a marvelous shot in a State noted for its good marksmen, but he required no aim, firing at sight, and it was in view of this that Jackson suddenly horrified his second with the announcement that he intended holding his fire until Dickinson had taken his shot, and all expostulations failed to turned him from this suicidal course.

The principals reached the ground and took their positions without evidence of trepidation on the part of either. At this stage of affairs bets were brutally made by the spectators on the result, as if they were at a cocking main or a dog fight, great odds being placed on Dickinson, who pointed out to his friends a certain button on Jackson's coat over his heart, by the side of which he proposed to place his bullet; and like his friends eagerly bet in his own favor.

"Are you ready?" was asked of each. "Fire!" and Dickinson raised his pistol and fired. A puff of dust was seen to fly from Jacksons coat and his left arm was raised and pressed across his breast, but otherwise not a muscle moved. His gaunt face became as whitely set as chiseled marble, and his eyes remained fixed on his antagonist with a supernatural glare.

"My God!" cried Dickinson, starting back and dropping his pistol, "have I missed him?" "Stand up to the mark!" shouted Jackson's second, drawing his pistol. Jackson's pistol arm slowly rose without a tremor, and aiming deliberately he fired. Dickinson fell mortally wounded. The general immediately walked away, followed by his second and the surgeon.

They had proceeded but a short distance when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was filled with blood. Then nature gave way, but not until he had demanded that all knowledge of the wound be kept from the daring Dickinson, so deep was his revenge. At the time of the duel Jackson was dressed in a loose-fitting frock coat, and being a very slender man, Dickinson was deceived as to the exact location of his heart. His aim, however, had been perfect, the ounce ball breaking two ribs, shattering the breast bone and inflicting a wound from the effects of which Jackson eventually died twenty years later.

The incident of this tragic affair, thoughtfully considered, represent to the writer's mind the most exalted type of physical bravery, devoid though it may be of those higher moral qualities which marked Jackson's subsequent career and which made his entire life a powerful illustration of the fact that "desperate courage may make one a majority."

Important to Farmers.

Every farmer in South Carolina as in every other State in the Union, will next year be called upon by a government official in the services of the Census Bureau, and asked to give the statistics of his farm crops, stocks, etc., for the previous year, which is the present one of 1889.

To be prepared to answer these questions intelligently and satisfactorily, every farmer ought to begin now to keep accurate accounts of all farm operations and continue it throughout the year.

The agricultural statistics of this country will be gathered in this way and the sum total of the result will show the degree of prosperity attained by every State and County. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to each section and locality that these matters be correctly reported to the census takers.

If the farmers of South Carolina desire to see this State take a deserving high rank among the producers of farm products they will take care to make their very best exhibit when the representative of the census makes his appearance some time in 1890.

— Mr. John Helton, of Smithboro, Ga., who has just passed his 91st birthday, started out at 6 o'clock the other morning, walked ten miles, cut and split 128 rails and 22 stakes, plowed up an acre of ground and walked home and ate his supper at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

A Confederate Romance.

An Alabama letter to the *Globe-Democrat* says: Nelson Holden of Troupe county, Georgia, joined one of the first regiments from the State when the war broke out. He left behind a young wife, having been married only a few months. Holden was a good soldier, and only once during the war did he obtain a furlough and visit his wife. He was at home for a short time in the summer of 1863, and soon after he returned to the war he was taken prisoner. Before Holden had an opportunity of writing to his wife after his capture, he was taken ill with a slow malarial fever.

When captured Holden had become separated from his company, and his comrades thought he had been killed in the battle. Mrs. Holden's first notice of the supposed death of her husband was contained in some resolutions passed by his company, a copy of which was forwarded to the family. Without making any investigation Mrs. Holden mourned her husband as dead, while he was lingering between life and death in a Northern prison. It was many months before he fully recovered from the effects of the terrible fever.

Holden was not released until after the close of the war, and weak from his long illness, and penniless, he started to make his way to the little home in Georgia. He was compelled to seek employment several times to earn money to continue his journey, and it was late in the autumn of 1865 when Holden came in sight of the little home. He was a wreck of his former self, and fully realized that it would be difficult for his own wife to recognize him.

Arriving at the home he had left more than two years before, Holden found it occupied by two strangers. Without disclosing his identity he asked where Mrs. Holden was. "Oh, she married Chris Jones and moved away last spring," was the answer he received.

Holden was prostrated by the shock of this startling intelligence, but without giving his name he turned and walked slowly away from the little home where the happiest hours of his life had been passed. He made no effort to find his wife but continued to Clay County, Alabama. Holden worked a while as a farm laborer and finally saved enough money to purchase a small farm of his own. In time the love was forgotton and he married again. Holden prospered and after a few years owned one of the best farms in the country. Several children were born and it was not long until his first marriage seemed like a dream. About four years ago Mrs. Holden No. 2 died, leaving five children.

About a year after the death of his wife Mr. Holden sold a portion of his farm to a man named Jones from Georgia. Mr. Jones built a house and moved his family to Alabama. Soon the two farmers became good friends, but Mr. Holden had never been to the house of his neighbor and had never seen his wife.

Less than a year ago Mr. Jones died. His neighbor, Mr. Holden, of course, attended the funeral, and caused no little excitement by going off in a dead faint when introduced to the weeping widow of the dead man. That was not the time or place for explanation, and the next day after the funeral Mr. Holden called on his former wife, and this time the meeting was mutual.

Mrs. Jones' period of mourning will expire in a few days, and then she will be quietly married again to the husband of her youth. She has three children living and Mr. Holden has five. Only a few of their most intimate friends know the secret of their former marriage.

The Way a Young Southern Man Achieved Success.

The hero is George Parker, for many years a conductor on the South Carolina railroads. He was smart, but of a fiery disposition, and was continually getting into trouble and being moved from one railroad to another. At last he had gone the rounds of the railroads in the State, and through some of his friends got a place on the Brunswick (Ga.,) road through the wire-grass region, where they board the trains in gangs and refuse to pay fare. He tackled a party of three one day who refused to pay fare and nearly got killed. When he recovered he was discharged, and went back to his home in Augusta. One day he met General Wade Hampton, and asked him for a job. Hampton said: "George, I don't know as I can do anything for you but give you a letter to President Hayes." George took the letter, pawned his watch, went to Washington, and presented his letter. Hayes said: "Mr. Parker, what do you want?" George answered that he would like to be Consul to —. Hayes said that he had just promised that, but as this was the first request from General Hampton he would give him a place as Consul to another eastern port. George thanked him, went out and managed to get back to Augusta, where his friends helped him to funds, and he left for his consulate. He promptly repaid the loan out of his salary, eventually married a Countess, and has his old position still.—*Charleston World.*

Rules for the Care of the Ears.

1. Never put anything into the ear for the relief of toothache.
2. Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging pus.
3. Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.
4. Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.
5. Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleansing the ears from pus.
6. Never strike or box a child's ears; this has been known to rupture the drumhead, and cause incurable deafness.
7. Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.
8. Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger, if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hair pins, pen-tips, or anything of that nature.
9. Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back toward the window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.

Flax Culture.

One of the most important economic questions of the times is, "What shall take the place of wheat on farms where it can no longer be raised to profit?" This question is one that has received earnest consideration at the Agricultural Department at Washington, but as yet no product has been presented that fully commends itself to the officials as furnishing the answer, although many have been suggested.

Last week Professor Willets, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, had under consideration a letter from Ireland, which he thinks may offer a solution of the problem if the statement made in it can be sustained. The writer says:

I have long had a very earnest interest in flax growing and linen manufacture, and now address you in behalf of these industries. I have been familiar with flax growing in America since 1840, and thoroughly informed of the household manufacture, and later the efforts to spin and weave linen by machinery, and the almost complete failure of all efforts in this direction, until now there are only two establishments weaving—one at Webster, Mass., and the other at Appleton, Wis.—the latter doing but little and neither weaving anything finer than crash. Besides these there are thread and yarn mills, mostly branches of British manufactories, and the twine and cordage mills.

"A part of the reason why linen is not made in America is that the raw material is not flexible and requires more (and more costly) manipulation and much more labor than cotton, wool and silk.

"Another reason is that when in 1861 Congress enacted tariff laws there was no association to set forth the linen interest, and the duty was left too low to correspond with the high duty on the raw material, while, with a low duty upon cotton, woolen and silks, capital turned to the latter as the safest investment, and flax and linen have been neglected. There can be no raw flax industry until there is a market for the fibre.

"There is nothing in the climate or soil conflicting with the assertion that just as good flax and linen may be produced in every State in the American Union as in any country. Germany now spins and weaves the finest linen; and she has no essential differing climate from America.

"If the inducements of protective duties can not be given in favor of linen manufacture, then bounties must be offered in shape of the appropriation of the present income from duties to encourage the making of linen from American flax fibre. At least such an experiment must be made as will test and demonstrate the practicability or impracticability of establishing this important industry upon American soil.

"Many things become successful in America from the facility with which the people take up and adopt improved processes and appliances, and this may be the salvation of the linen industry, of the importance of which there is no question. There is every reason why the American farmers should produce a million acres of flax for both seed and fibre over and above what is now produced, which would give 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels of seed worth as many million dollars, and two millions and a half tons of flax straw, worth $50,000,000, from which 500,000 tons of flax fibre would be obtained, worth $100,000,000. Once established, American invention would, as in all other industries, soon build up an industry to consume this raw material.

A Net for Tangling Feet.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 17.—The liquor law framed by Senator Scheffer went into effect Monday. It is designed to punish drunkenness, and provides for a fine of from $10 to $40 for the first offense, from $40 to $60 for the second and ninety days in the workhouse for the third. When asked what effect the law would have on the Minneapolis Municipal Court, Judge Maloney said:

"It will not materially change the order of things with us. Our custom in treating drunkenness is much the same as provided in the new law. There is, however, one feature of the law that differs from the ordinance under which we formerly worked. According to the ordinance the offense was not punishable unless committed in some public place, while the statute covers drunkenness in secret as well as in the public street. I am glad this bill passed the Legislature. It makes it a crime now in our State to drink to excess, and it is an expression of the public condemnation of drunkenness. I think it will result in doing a great deal of good.

"For the reasons I have cited the new law has created no unusual features in the pastime of drunkenness in this city as yet. Its eventual effect will, of course, depend greatly upon the leniency or strictness of the authorities."

WINONA, MINN., May 17.—The Scheffer law has been in operation several days, but as yet no arrests have been made under its provisions. It is generally believed that if the law is strictly enforced it will work a surprising reform in the better class of citizens who get on a "hurrah" occasionally and with the "bloods" who enjoy the same entertainment. Beyond this it is believed the law will be a dead letter, having no effect on the "beats" and steady drunkards. Senator Scheffer is a German and drinks wine and beer and makes no bones about it, but he detests drunkards, and claims that if his law is enforced the Prohibitionists will have no ground to stand on.

— For nearly 6 years past, Mrs. John Vitter, living near Manson, Calhoun County, Io., has suffered from violent pains in her stomach, being so violent at times that her life was despaired of. Sunday morning she was taken with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted nearly twenty minutes, during which she turned black in the face, and finally vomitted up a reptile, resembling a lizard, fully 6 inches in length, and of a light green color. The pain then ceased up and she is now feeling much relieved. The lizard lived ten minutes after being brought into the air.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

— There are two cases of leprosy in New York city.

— Savannah, Ga., is said to be flooded with counterfeit silver dollars.

— The name Oklahoma, a Chickasaw word, means "beautiful land."

— The fruit crop of Kansas this year promises to be the finest ever known.

— The arrests for intoxication in New York city averaged over 1000 a week last year.

— A saloon keeper in New York Legislature gives his vocation as an "undertaker."

— A train of twenty-two cars, loaded with bananas, recently left New Orleans for Cincinnati.

— A bottle of beer burst and blew away part of a Tacoma (W. T.) man's skull. His injuries are probably fatal.

— The African Methodist Church has 12,000 churches, 10,000 ministers and contributes $2,000,000 annually for church work.

— Miss May Davis, an Oregon girl only fifteen years old, can crack a walnut with her teeth or lift a barrel of flour with her hands.

— The fleece of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a cashmere shawl a yard and a half wide.

— A ton of rope made from the hair of devout women of Japan has been used in building a $4,000,000 temple to Buhada at Kioto.

— Probably the youngest commercial traveler in this country is Frank Wade, aged 12 years, who represents a Buffalo oil company.

— Daniel Lambert, the largest man known to history, measured 9 feet 4 inches around the body, 8 feet 1 inch around the legs, and weighed 739 pounds.

—A Lawrenceville, Ga., cyclone carried part of a fence twenty feet and set it down again just as it had stood, every rail from the ground up in its place.

— A Leary, Ga., man wondered why his fine cow suddenly ceased giving milk, until one day the milkmaid found the cow lying down while a pig was industriously helping himself.

— It is expected that the total cost of the Paris exposition will be about ten million dollars. Most of this is contributed by the government, and the city of Paris pays nearly all the rest.

— A Western undertaker has had a large tent made. Whenever he has a funeral on a rainy day he will place the tent over the grave, so that the service may be held with but little inconvenience.

— Judge J. H. Gaston, of Meriweather, Ga., has jumped across a thirteen foot gully every birthday of his life for many years. The other day he was 75 years old, and he made the jump with perfect ease.

— The receipts of the foreign missions of the southern Presbyterian church during the year just closed were $96,000, an advance of $8,000 on any former year. Seventy-three missionaries are in the field.

— The greatest snuff taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 10,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces per head.

— America publishes more newspapers than all the rest of the world combined. Last year its 17,107 periodicals printed the enormous number of 3,959,556,500—enough to supply every soul on earth with two newspapers.

— By the admission of the New States the government is obliged to purchase eight thousand national flags with forty-two stars apiece. The United States Bunting company, of which Gen. Butler is owner, will, it is said, be $20,000 richer by the transaction.

— A San Francisco doctor delivered a lecture the other night before the Cooper medical college, in which he entered into an eloquent defense of the pun from a medical standpoint. He claimed that it produced laughter, which is antagonistic to nearly all disease.

— The bones of a mastodon were unearthed on the farm of C. C. Tremble, near Windfall, Ind. One of the teeth was seven inches long and six inches in diameter, and a tusk of the monstrous animal measured nine feet. When the air struck the bones they crumbled to pieces, and but a few of them were saved.

— The largest brick yard in the United States is being built at Chicago, and the bricks will be as hard as granite and as heavy. This new brick yard is creating quite a sensation in architectural and building trade circles. They bear a crushing strain of 35,000,000 pounds per square inch. The works will cost $250,000.

— An employment which would seem perfectly delightful to small boys is tasting molasses. The molasses taster frequently has twenty or thirty samples to experiment upon, taking care to swallow as little as possible. It is said that only a man with a sweet tooth and a clear head can bear up under the strain of the occupation.

— A citizen of Moncton, N. B., called a doctor to extract two teeth for his daughter. The doctor requested the man to look after his horse while the operation was being performed. He charged fifty cents (half price) for his services, whereat the citizen turned pale, but quickly recovering himself, put in a counter claim of twenty-five cents for holding the horse.

— A strange specimen of humanity is Miss Ella Miller, of Romney, W. Va., 23 years of age. She is but 26 inches in height, and can neither walk nor talk. She has passed the whole of her existence in a cradle. Her memory is phenomenal, but evidences of the facts are only shown by signs. No one has ever been able to ask for an article in her room she was unable to point out. Songs and poems, if repeated after long intervals, are instantly recognized. Her head is so small as to go in an ordinary tea cup.